Many thanks for the "Broken Letter". I have never seen more frank & touching recantation than Mr Grant's. Do you want me to return the paper, or shall I keep it till you come again?

Rushford April 9. 1865

My dear Friend,

I have been inhospitably wishing myself free from guests these two hours that I might give this afternoon to you as I had proposed — Your letter was most acceptable, for though as a part of philosophical independence I try to accept the award of Providence which has called on me to stand alone in the world, it is surpassingly grateful to be requested by such a friend as you to keep in it, & to be assured that my remaining here is of consequence to your happiness. Thus far most certainly life is no burden to me, & I cannot feel too thankful for being permitted to witness these glorious days. What drop of bitterness is wanting in the cup of Divine wrath held to the lips of our discomfited foes? — One can only say, "This is the Lord's doing, & it is marvellous in our eyes", — I may be mistaken but I cannot feel towards Lee as I do to Jeff Davis. The prestige of Lee's parentage & of the place which has been his home fill me with compassion for his misfortunes, but the downfall of

Davis seems the just retribution of a traitor. — To think too, that the down trodden race first took possession of the haughty city! What materials for history are every hour accumulating! — Since you were here, I have read one of the most touching narratives in my estimation which the war has as yet produced. It is called "Daring & Suffering". The name of the Author is Wm. Pettinger. He belonged to one of the Ohio companies under Gen. Mitchell, & he describes the perils encountered by himself & twenty three companions, in an unsuccessful attempt to break up the rail road track in the vicinity of Chattanooga, an enterprise which the rebels regarded with the utmost consternation, & plumed themselves upon disconcerting. Only a portion of the unfortunate men concerned in it escaped with their lives, after having been subjected more than eight months to every form of horrid slavery.

I too recived a note from Mr Chas. H. Morse relative to Pepe Pierpont, & I returned a little bitty. Many congratulations for the grand old man surprised by as many as twenty of his former Mechanford parishioners. A little pecuniary donation was also added. But this fell short of the mark

of fifty dollars at which I had aimed. I could not blame however the conscientious scruples which restrained some of our best people from contributing their bounty to our brave army, for the sake of paying a graceful compliment. And I should have been wholly reconciled to their forbearance, if I could have secured the thousand fold of that pelting sum from his own kith & kindred, who ought to deem it an honour to relieve him for the rest of his days from all anxiety in regard to his subsistence. A sister of Dr Tyng of New York, who had been spending the winter with her brother, told me only this past week that Pierpont Morgan, a grandson of our venerable friend, is quite a head man in Dr T's church having great influence through his abounding wealth. His income amounting to $50,000 a year. Perhaps as a good Episcopalian he chooses to discountenance his heretical old grandfather. Mary Stearns however apprehends with reason from some expressions of Mrs P's in a letter to her lately, that the end of his pilgrimage may be very near. — She (Mrs Stearns) treated me to a long drive the other day. Her husband has been dangerously ill with lung fever, & Harry & his mother

missed him. She now seems greatly better.

The week before last I enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of seeing our dear old friend Dr Furness. He had come to Boston to attend the wedding of his br. James Albert son, which took place at Dr Bartol's church, & having gone to the city to do some errands, I had the good fortune to hear of the wedding in season to attend it. There I saw a troop of friends, & the next day I dined with Dr F. in Cambridge at his son's. He had been at the University book store, & was greatly pleased with the looks, manner & address of your nephew Geo. — I told Dr F. that he looked ten years younger than when I last saw him with you at Mrs Loring's dinner. 'Of course', he replied 'do not the good times take ten years off from our ages?' — The pleasure however of these rare interviews with dear old friends, is a bitter sweet. Life has gone on most smoothly with Dr F. in all his domestic relations, & as he grows older his ties are constantly multiplying, in the new families springing up around him among the rising generation. I believe I could not refrain from contrasting my own isolation with his happy growth, though I felt still more the effects of time's under current, in sweeping us apart. The topics of common interest upon which we could meet, were indeed the country, seemed comparatively few — Medford, for so many years his home, now has hardly an old acquaintance remaining

for him. The end of the matter was that after we parted I had a regular fit of the blues, a luxury which I rarely allow myself.

The grand Unitarian Convention has come & gone. I have had a most detailed account of it from my little pastor & Mr Hurlow, who was his delegate. In my opinion it was a pretty poor affair, as I supposed it would be. Such meetings however undoubtedly serve to bring out people & show what stuff they are made of. O.B. Frothing-ham reluctantly changed his first mind, which was opposed to such a meeting, & when he came to think of it more favorably he preached a sermon entitled 'Unison of Liberal Christianity' which his people printed. It is a noble discourse fraught with wisdom & philosophy. But D. Furness preached & printed another, called Ecclesiastical Organisations dead against every thing of the sort. With this last my whole soul accords, & I know that yours will too. I will ask him to send you a copy of it. Every thing was so fixed & arranged by the wire-pullers in the convention that O.B.F. had no chance to speak, & he came away profoundly disgusted with what he called its chicanery. Mr Watson at the very opening of it before any regulations had been contrived

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delivered a noble address, to which all listened with profound attention.

I made a long call the other morning at Mrs Sewall's but found only Miss Roby at home. She showed me your photographs, & I like my tintype better than any of them. One of the photographs is very good as regards the mere face, but the coarse, if you bear attitude greatly displeased me — it is the one with the arms crossed. Thou in the cap and ten years to you.

Miss Justis came back about an hour after you left me. She had been detained in Cambridge & was very sorry that she missed seeing you.

If I were more demonstrative, I should try to tell you how much pleasure & happiness I derived from your visit, from your letters always, & from the consciousness that you are my dear, tried old friend. But I always feel that words can add but little to the unseen unuttered sympathies of the like-minded, & am apt to take it for granted that a correlative knows the whole without them. This moment I hear that poor Lee has surrendered. To God be all the glory! Good by, with best love to your spouse. My hand is still very unsteady.

affly yours

L. M. Goodale